

The History of

Prin. What saist thou, *Mistris* quickly? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleewe me, *Hall*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grand-fathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: and, my Lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for woman-hood Mayd marian may bee the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee, Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knave, to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true, *Hofesse*, and he slaunders thee most grosely.

Hof. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

You

Henry

You ought him a thousand p

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you

Fal. A thousand pound, *Ha* Million: thou owest me thy

Hof. Nay, my Lord, he ca cudgell you.

Fal. Did, I *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my *Rin*

Prin. I say tis copper: dar't t

Fal. Why *Hall*? thou kno but as thou art *Prince*, I feare Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the

Fal. The King himfelfe is thou thinke i'le feare thee, a pray God my Girdlebreake

Prin. O, if it should, how w But sirra, ther's no roome for

bosome of thine; it is all fil Charge an honest woman w

horefon impudent Imboft ra pocket, but taverne reckoni

ses, and one poore peniw long-winded: if thy pocket

ries but these, I am a villain will not pocket up wrong

Fal. Dost thou heare, *Hall* cency, *Adam* fell: and what

the dayes of villany? thou se man, and therefore more frai

Prin. It appeares so by the *Fal.* *Hofesse*, I forgive the

thy Husband, looke to thy shalt finde me tractable to a

pacified still: nay, I prethee b Now *Hall*, to the newes at

that answered?